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THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN. Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A man is only half a man who is not also something of a child. In the strictly scientific and evolutionary view, as John Fiske so convincingly pointed out, sympathy with childhood is the soul of family life and the fundamental element in morality. And so it was not merely sentiment, it was sound philosophy, which prompted Theodore Roosevelt to say that he would rather have his letters to his children published than anything that had ever been written about him.

Theodore Roosevelt stood for an ideal of fully developed American manhood; these letters set the seal of genuineness upon that ideal, for they reflect sincerity, zest, moral health, the integrity of the whole personality. They express, indeed, genius, in the sense of a capacity for great fullness and richness of life; for to be a companion to one's children as Roosevelt was a companion to his requires exactly this. It is not without reason that Samuel Butler declared that the naming of a kitten is a test of moral and intellectual greatness; and Tolstoy, it will be remembered, had in his earlier and saner state of mind, an exquisite adaptability to the child mind.

To the strong and healthy personality, life is really all of a piece: the zest of childhood goes over into manhood, and the mature mind feels with undiminished sensibility the delights, the sorrows and struggles of childhood. Roosevelt's strenuosity was not a pose; it was the expression of a splendid appetite for life. To realize the truth of this statement to the full, it is necessary, however, to compare two different phases of his interest in life as exhibited in these letters.

"I hope you had as successful a trip in Florida," he wrote to Kermit, "as I have had in Texas and Oklahoma. The first six days were of the usual Presidential tour type, but much more pleasant than ordinarily, because I did not have to do quite as much speaking, and there was a certain irresponsibility about it all, due I suppose in part to the fact that I am no longer a candidate and am free from the everlasting suspicion and ill-natured judgment which being a candidate entails. However, both in Kentucky, and especially in Texas, I was received with a warmth and heartiness that surprised me, while the Rough Riders' reunion at San Antonio was delightful in every way. Then came the five days' wolf hunting in Oklahoma, and this was unalloyed pleasure, except for my uneasiness about Auntie Bye and poor little Sheffield. General Young, Dr. Lambert, and Roly Fortescue were each in his own way just the nicest companions imaginable; my Texas hosts were too kind and friendly and open-hearted for anything. I wanted to have the whole party up at Washington next winter. The party got seventeen wolves, three coons, and any number of rattlesnakes. I was in at the death of eleven wolves. . . . I never took part in a run which ended in the death of a wolf without getting through the run in time to see the death. It was tremendous galloping over cut banks, prairie dog towns, flats, creek bottoms, everything. One run was nine miles long, and I was the only man in at the finish except the professional wolf hunter Abernethy, who is a really wonderful fellow."

The quick rebound from depression, the eager interest in men, concern for others, and joy in sport, are all strikingly present here. They are characteristic of the man who had "a bully time" as President of the United States. Similarly, "it was because he at heart regarded it as 'great fun' and was in complete accord with the children," says Mr. Bishop, "that they delighted in him as a playmate." He was whole-hearted in his work, whole-hearted in his sport, and, to crown all, whole-hearted in his play with children. This is the really majestic fact about him; this is what most convincingly shows his greatness as a human being.

Compare with the gusto of the passage just quoted the following, written to his daughter Ethel in 1906: "Your letter delighted me. I read it over twice and chuckled over it. By George how entirely I sympathize with your feelings in the attic! I know just what it is to get up into such a place and find the delightful, winding passages where one lay hidden with thrills of criminal delight, when the grown-ups were vainly demanding one's appearance at some legitimate and abhorred function: and the once-beloved and half forgotten treasures, and the emotions of peace and war, with reference to former companions, which they recall."

Thus, Roosevelt was great in a role which no man can successfully simulate, and the part of his personality that loved and appreciated childish things joined without a break to the part of his nature that rejoiced in manly struggles, whether on the moral or merely on the athletic plane. Here was no lesion, no duality of soul. And so, it may be said that without these letters, Roosevelt's genius and character cannot be fully, or even justly, understood.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONFLICT. By Havelock Ellis. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The effect of the great war upon most thinkers seems to have been at the same time to deepen the desire for essential truth and to repress the enthusiasm of speculation and theorizing. In war time it has seemed peculiarly a duty to write sincerely, peculiarly a sin to dream and argue light-heartedly or irresponsibly. Contact with stern reality has proved just at first somewhat confusing: life on the whole has proved bigger and more baffling than had been realized. On the whole, the war literature speaks repressed emotion seeking outlet in new and larger conceptions which have to be groped after in doubt and darkness.

Something of this effect may perhaps be perceived in Havelock Ellis's book of essays, *The Philosophy of Conflict*. These essays, like so many of the discourses written under the influence of the war, are even excessively tentative, and at the same time betray a slight tendency toward grandiloquence. But Mr. Ellis is a soundly scientific and evolutionary thinker; he is also a man of unusually wide vision and unusually varied interests; and so there are in this book of his, despite its war-time hesitancy and obscurity, strong thoughts and stimulating suggestions.

Progress is the principal theme of *The Philosophy of Conflict*. It cannot be said that the author proves, or even undertakes to prove that man actually does progress, but he finds ground for optimism in the